Volume LXIX CHICAGO, JUNE 6, 1912 Number 14

UNITY

Freedom, Fellowship and Character in Religion

Official Organ of the Congress of Religion

The White-Bordered Banner

Our stars and our stripes are now bordered with white,
To justice and peace all the nations inviting.
'Tis the emblem of love giving might to the right,
All the races and creeds in truth's service uniting.
Not by powder and ball, but through love's louder call
Will the merciful banner yet wave over all.
O the white-bordered banner in beauty shall wave
O'er the lands and the seas, all God's children to save!

Repeat:

"Then conquer we must, for our cause it is just,
And this be our motto, "In God is our trust!"
O the white-bordered banner in beauty shall wave
O'er the lands and the seas, all God's children to save!

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UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN"

Vol. LXIX. THURSDAY, JUNE 6, 1912. NUMBER 14

Dost thou behold yonder endless ether encompassing the earth around with its moist arms? Those are the boundaries of our home and country, and there is neither a stranger or a foreigner in any place, since everywhere are found the same fire, water and air, the same ruling and dispensing powers, the same sun, and moon, and morning star; one law governs all; under one direction are the northern and the southern climes, and there is one king and lord, God, who holds in his hands the beginning, middle and end of the universe, accompanied by eternal justice; which all men by nature practice towards all men, as towards their fellow-citizens.

—Plutarch.

One of the happiest cartoons of the current press is that by Winsor McKay for the Boston *American*, reproduced in the *Woman's Journal* of May 25th, where the Statue of Liberty Enlightening the World in the New York Harbor is represented as descending from her high pedestal, walking ashore, throwing away the delusive torch representing a liberty that does not exist, and returning with a newly painted sign that means something, for it says, "VOTES FOR WOMEN!"

"The Working Man in His Own Church" is the title of an article in the *Literary Digest* for May 25. The phrase offends the religious heart. A *class* church is scarcely the church, the *ecclesia* of Christian origin, or the synagogue and still less the Temple of Jewish foundation; a church into which the working man does not go is an arraignment in the very fact. But if a church could be so conducted and ordered that working men would love to frequent it we suspect that the employers of men, who often are the harder "working men," would be glad to frequent the same also.

The remarkable series of photographs published in *Collier's* of May 18th tells the story of Amundsen's climb to the South Pole in a way that is a confession of heroism, of loneliness, the monotony of snow, the inhospitality of ice, and the solitude that rises into sublimity all witnessing profoundly to the conquering power of mind, the commanding pre-eminence of spirit. The lone explorer looking down from the icy peak upon the frozen sea three hundred feet below him is a symbol and type that appeals to moralist, poet and philosopher profoundly. Here is a new text for the preacher, a new province for the moralist. Translate the facts disclosed in these pictures into terms of social heroism, democratic devotion, ethical and intellectual fortitude.

The International Civic Bureau, with headquarters in the Metropolitan Building, New York, is arranging for an interesting tour throughout the leading cities of Europe under the direction of Mr. Henry R. Aldridge of London, secretary of the National Housing and Town-planning Reform Council of Great Britain. The chairman of the Committee on Arrangements on this side is Frederick C. Howe, the illuminating writer on the modern city and student of city life. $490 exclusive of ocean fares will carry the party through much of the best part of Europe with special reference to the housing problem. This is hopeful. As yet the problem of housing has scarcely passed out of the academic discussion. Capital is sordid and real estate men brutally meet all suggestions of improvement in working-men's tenements and apartments within reach of those of average incomes with the knock-out argument that "it can't be made to pay." If private enterprise proves too sordid to meet this crying demand, the next thing for the municipalities to lay hold of is the building problem. If employers of labor and manipulators of capital will not listen to the demands of science and ethics, the municipalities must step in and do something about it.

William T. Ellis in the *Continent* is distressed because the Abdul-Baha presents his teachings as a "broadened, liberalized and up-to-date interpretation of the gospel of Jesus," while in truth it is at best but the faith of Moslem rather than that of the Christian. But are there not, to the profound pietist as well as the enlightened scientist, deep harmonies between the Christian and the Moslem faith? The following counts, which are pronounced "a string of commonplaces," seem to us to penetrate deeply into the heart of Christianity, and if they also represent a "Moslem schism," then all the greater glory to Islam. The writer in the *Continent* is right in calling them commonplaces. Commonplaces they are in the confessions of the intelligent and the generalizations of scholars, but how very uncommonplace they are in the practice of the world and the experience of the representatives of Christianity as of all other religions. All these nine points, which we are told an educator at the Mohonk Conference had jotted down as representing the affirmations of the Baha's address before this

notable gathering, seem to us worthy of study and deserving of repetition, no matter by whom declared or by whom claimed.

1. Study reality.
2. Mankind is one.
3. God's policy of kindness to all.
4. Religion and science are twins.
5. Religion is the true bond of humanity, and annihilates prejudice.
6. The equity of men and women.
7. The economic readjustment between wealth and poverty. ("I'd like him to tell us how," remarked a New England professor, in an aside, at this point.)
8. Philosophy is vanity.
9. God's spirit is necessary for all regeneration and reformation.

UNITY, in connection with many other religious journals, has from time to time passed disrespectful comment upon the management of the immense wealth held by Trinity Church in New York City, but the recent Year Book and current news items in the press call for a word if not of retraction then of congratulation, for many things show that under the vigorous direction of Rector Manning, the old commercial policy which seemed to have obtained in the management is being changed. The old "shacks" that were such a reproach to New York City, to say nothing of a church, are being torn down and modern tenement houses are being built in their stead. The *Literary Digest* for May 25th contains an interesting epitome of the financial status of Trinity Church at the present time. Perhaps Trinity Church is now in a position as no other church in America is to push the municipal ordinance requiring the placing in a conspicuous place of a clearly engraved or stamped metal plate on every house bearing the name of the owner or owners thereof, and of the subsequent ordinances that will hold the owners of a house responsible for whatever irregular procedure may be carried on therein. Then public sentiment will give to the owner whatever meed of praise or whatever degree of blame the building deserves. Too long have landlords masked behind agents and unctuous church members and dwellers on the boulevards profited by the rents gathered by their agents from disorderly and disordered tenements. William T. Stead, now of blessed memory, created a sensation in Chicago many years ago in his book "If Christ Came to Chicago" by simply publishing a list of the owners of the properties devoted to saloon, gambling and brothel purposes. The list was necessarily imperfect and in some cases did grievous wrong, but the idea was sane and the principle sound. However, the compilation of such a list should not be left to the adventurous spirit of a hurried journalist, but should be a matter of official record enforced by city ordinance. Let Trinity Church in New York lead the way, let its plate shine on the walls of the transfigured tenements and, if need be, let it confess to the ownership of the wretched shacks and admit that they can be redeemed only by fire.

The White-bordered Banner

The editor would like to reiterate in the columns of UNITY the petition urged upon the business men who deal in dry-goods to put on the market in available sizes and shapes the white-bordered banners of the nations, particularly of "Old Glory." For, after all, there is a basis of bunting, of needle-work, of dollars and cents, in a flag. It cannot be thought into being or created by a patriotic impulse.

The attendants at Lake Mohonk were greatly impressed by the beautiful frieze of silken flags, white-bordered, that were displayed before their eyes on the front walls of the great parlor. There the old flag of China, with its spectacular dragon, the new flag of China with five colored bars, the flags of Japan, of France, the British Union Jack, the American Stars and Stripes, were displayed in uniform size, all bordered in white. Many there present must have wished with the present writer that they might possess such a group of symbols to be used for decorative purposes in schools and churches, on holiday occasions and in patriotic processions. But the workmanship, if it must be done by hand, involves so much time, taste and skill as to be practically prohibitive. The practical inavailability of the white-bordered banner is an obstruction to its use and a check in the education, particularly of the young, in international sentiment.

On the occasion of the first Hague Conference the present writer appealed to the then managing head of the great Marshall Field dry-goods house in Chicago to put white-bordered flags of the United States on the market that private houses and public places might testify to our pride in and loyalty to The Hague idea. The reply came back: "Old Glory is good enough for our house."

When the flag, raised by the hands of Sunday-school children, was first given to the breeze over the Abraham Lincoln Centre, they sang the song of the white-bordered banner as an added stanza to "The Star Spangled Banner" (See front page) and from that day to this, on occasions, Lincoln Centre has carried at its mast-head a white-bordered banner. The winds have beaten three or more such flags into shreds, and a flag to fly one hundred feet in air costs money, so the Centre must needs be economical of its flags. One gererous friend of the Centre offered to keep the Centre supplied with flags if we "left the frills off." But the white border is not a "frill" in the light of the present thought and the urgent prayers of the noblest of the world. It is the symbol of a principle that occupies the very fore-front of international politics.

On a certain occasion the present writer addressed the great public school in the Chicago suburb of West

Pullman, where over one thousand children of hard-working men of Pullman were gathered. A "roll-call of nations," asking for the uplifted hands of children whose parents were born in the different countries, brought forth a multitude of hands, patriotically waving, representing nations reaching from Ireland to Russia, from Norway to Sicily and beyond. With what heartiness did those children greet their co-patriots! And when the speaker suggested a white-bordered banner for each of the nations there represented, to be used on the processional days of the public schools, the patriotism of the children waxed high, and "Old Glory" began, indeed, to be glorious in their estimation.

But here was a difficulty—how to get the flags. The resourceful principal, nothing daunted, herself set a-going the high industry of flag-making. Sometime the dream of the West Pullman school will be realized and each nation there represented will have its white-bordered banner ready. But there are not many schools that can face such an industry. Why not, in this commercial age, take commercial advantage of this new symbol? Where are the flag-makers who have faith enough in the higher patriotism to cater to this new idealism and offer through the established ways of trade "full lines" of white-bordered flags, that thereby geographical remoteness and, perhaps, national antagonisms, may be lost in the white light of cosmopolitanism—the higher patriotism of humanity, the symbol of the world's intelligence and religion?

We believe it was twenty-three years ago last Washington's birthday that the editor of UNITY assisted in giving to the breeze the first flag officially reared over a public school house in Chicago. This was done not only with the consent but under the auspices of the official representatives of the public schools. Presumably this was the first flag-raising over a public school in the State of Illinois, perhaps the first in the country. Be that as it may, the majority of the states of the Union now have laws requiring the flying of the flag over the schools when in session, even as the flag-ship flies its banner whenever the admiral is abroad. The editor, from his sky-chamber on the fifth floor of Lincoln Centre, counts every morning, during the school year at least, eight flags bearing testimony that the citizen mills are at work making citizens out of foreigners, patriots out of careless and selfish children. May the time come when the added symbol of the white-bordered flags will be not only significant, but will supply the next step in patriotism. What mercantile house will render this high service and, at the same time, turn an honest penny, by making white-bordered "Old Glories" for the market? These are the days of "sweet girl graduates" and "brave boy orators," the time of bunting and lawns, of roses and speeches. Chicago is soon to have a great "bear garden" exhibition with Roosevelt and Company as managers and, later along, a great "rose garden," with Mrs. Ella Flagg Young as chief marshal, when the "schoolma'ams" of the nation will flock to the annual meeting of the N. E. A. Now is the chance for the peace people to bear their testimony. Now is the time to make schoolhouse, church, hamlet and city resplendent with a new glory. Now is the time to start the movement that will lead in bordering with white the flags of all nations when they are bent on pacific interest and activities, when they fly them from schools, churches, post-offices, etc., etc. Only when on warlike activities and militarisms should the flags be stripped of their pure white mortices.

The Scout Movement as It Seems to a Boy After One Year of Study

On the twenty-seventh of October, 1910, we printed in UNITY the following correspondence, which in the light of a year's experience on the part of the boy may be worth reproducing.

Perhaps in the way of further introduction the Editor of UNITY may re-affirm the conviction of a year ago, that the "Scout Movement," in spite of all the safeguarding of its leaders, necessarily fosters the military ideals which still occupy the highest place in the imagination of a boy. The very uniform minimizes the individual and maximizes the glamour. The banners and the titles, the "stunts" and the "tests," all imply the valorous, not to say the defiant and militant elements in character, while the elements of meekness, gentleness, mercy and peace are the elements that humanize the boys of a community.

We know what can be said and what is being said in favor of using the "gang" spirit for good ends. Perhaps we believe more in eliminating the "gang" spirit, in order to emphasize the individual. The single boy is the unit to deal with. However discouraging this may be in the face of a multitude, it is still the only sure way. The Boy Scout Movement necessarily tends to encourage a leisure class although it be made up of gamins. We fear it renders the shop, the work bench, the field, more and more distasteful.

But here is the correspondence of October, 1910, and the comment upon the same from the same "little chap" in Nebraska, written January 1, 1911.

A QUESTION

Dear Uncle Jenk:—

I am writing to you to ask your advice on a point on which my dad and I do not agree. I have been invited to join the "Boy Scouts," which seems to me to be a pretty fine organization, with a good aim, but papa says I had better wait and see more about it, and he asked me if I would like to write to you and ask you what you thought about the organization. I hope you will be able to say enough good things about it to convince daddie that it is a good thing for

me and every other boy who wants to be bettered. Please tell me what you think about it. Yours affectionately.

THE ANSWER

Dear A————:

I was very glad to get your letter and to find how well you can write. Keep at it. I am also glad that you wanted my advice about the "Boy Scouts."

In the first place, let me tell you that I think it is a pretty good thing for a boy to talk things over with his daddie, and if daddie hesitates or differs from the boy's opinions, the probabilities are that daddie is more nearly right than the boy, because he has been on the road longer than the little chap, and he has seen some things that the little boy will see later along.

I am not so sure that I think the Boy Scouts a very good thing for a boy of your size and home. If you had not a kind father and mother, and had not any big brothers to boss it over you, and nice sisters to play with, if you had no books and no chance to "hike" it out for yourself, and with your neighbors, it might be different, but as it is, I am a little suspicious of the Boy Scouts for you for these reasons.

First, you must know that, although I was a soldier myself for three years, and would be willing to soldier it again under the same circumstances, if there was a great cause at stake and there were slaves to free and a free government to maintain, I don't like the army. I don't want any more wars, and the military side of the Scout movement will awaken enthusiasm in the boys in wrong directions.

I don't think that we need any more battleships in the United States. I think we can get along without soldiers, and while there is much good in the military drill, there are probably other ways by which you could be kept well and husky, and your individuality better respected.

In the second place, there is danger that it will take a good deal of your time and energy that would better be spent in your happy home and at your books. You will have to do a good deal of grubbing away with books and slate and pencils before you graduate from the University. There is time enough for you to get your fun later on. Now it is time for little boys of your age to be in bed by about eight or nine o'clock.

There is another thing that makes me still more suspicious of the Scout movement. I am not sure it is a good thing for a little boy to make pledges and vows and condition his fellowship on signs and grips, badges and sharp competition. If you go into it you will accomplish the "coups" easily and do the "hikes" and you will be a good brother Scout, but why not be a good brother to the boys that are not Scouts? I am a great Democrat. I like to have boys grow up with the feeling that they are just as good, but not better than the other boys, and it is not necessary that they should make artificial boundaries to their fellowship. I am a little afraid of the "gang spirit," and then the competitive spirit, the getting honors that will leave some other poor fellows who cannot run as fast or work as hard or climb as nimbly or see as quickly, feel cheap.

So, on the whole, I am afraid I will have to lead away from the direction that you want me to lead in. I have seen a lot of these movements. They come and they go, and sometimes leave a little disappointment and a bad taste in the mouth. It costs a little money, it costs a good deal of time, and it arouses a good deal of enthusiasm on lines that are hardly worth while. So, if I were you, I would wait a bit. Let the Scout movement run until a year from now, and then see whether you want to join it as badly as you do now.

With much love, Your "Uncle."

A YEAR LATER

Dear Uncle: About a year ago I received a letter from you advising me not to join the Boy Scouts and telling me to wait a year and see if I wanted to join them. I am glad that I can say that I agree with yours and daddie's ideas more cheerfully now than I did a year ago. In the first place the main object the boys have in joining is to have some place to go, and while they have a nice place to meet and fine men to meet with them, their going and coming are not always done in a manner that gives them much credit. In fact, I have passed them when I would be coming home with "dad" and it seemed to me that they were pretty rough and rowdy-like. Then, too, they do nothing when they do meet that I or any number of boys I might wish to bring with me could not do at my own home. They only box and turn somersaults and try to out-do each other in stunts of that nature. After they get through the meeting they roam around town and their parents do not know where they are. They have started to build a cave, but I don't seen any need of it except to waste time and energy, when they ought to be at home working.

They gave a supper and entertainment not long ago and in trying to show the audience what they had been taught, there were but two or three that seemed to remember any of their lessons. This exhibition showed plainly to me that the first thing necessary was for them to learn obedience to their commander or else the teachings given them didn't do much good, and it is easy for me to see now that it ought to be easier to obey papa and mamma than some stranger who can't begin to have as much interest in me as my parents do.

The good times that they have while on their "hikes" are sure enough interesting, but I have found out that when I do my part on the "square," somehow or another daddie and mother think of some good time for me that I always enjoy. I have noticed also as my older brothers and my sisters bring their friends to our home that they have the best kind of a time, and I guess when I am ready to have friends meet for an evening's good time there isn't any place better than my own home.

Also, if I want some boxing gloves, turning-poles and Indian clubs, to "work out" with I think they will come from somewhere. Dad says that muscle that isn't strong enough and willing enough to help hoe garden, mow lawns and carry coal isn't to be trusted with boxing gloves. I can say honestly that I am glad I didn't join the Scout Division here, but maybe I have a better home than some boys. I want to thank you for urging me to wait a year before joining. Your Affectionate Nephew.

RAIN AFTER DROUGHT

All night the small feet of the rain
Within the garden ran,
And gentle fingers tapped the pane
Until the dawn began.

The rill-like voices called and sung
The slanting roof beside;
The children of the clouds have come;
"Awake! awake!" they cried.

"Weep no more the drooping rose
Nor mourn the thirsting tree.
The little children of the storm
Have gained their liberty."

All night the small feet of the rain
About my garden ran.
Their rill-like voices called and cried
Until the dawn began.

—Dora Sigerson Shorter.

LIMITATION

God set me in a stone-strewn garden spot,
And said, "I love thee; lo, my gift to thee."
One flow'ring bush God planted there, one tree;
But clay the earth, black-fenced with crumbling rot;
For grass, dry weeds. I took, but thanked him not.
"Come, sow thy garden," God spoke low to me,
"Unbind thy hands; upon the heights shalt see
Pure springs; fetch water for thy small bare plat."
"This weary hand untaught and frail, such toil?"
I said; then stumbling o'er the rough road mean,
I fetched and fetched, till now the quickened soil
And I, one spirit seem; upgrowing green
And sweet, unbarred for souls. Anointing oil
To work and fetch afar the Upland's glean!

HARRIET MORLOCK GLEASON.

THE PULPIT

The Message of a Spring Dawn

A Sermon by Rev. Samuel E. Eastman, Pastor of Park Church, Elmira, N. Y.

I was in Glenora. It was on a Thursday morning, and it was still dark. A robin waked me. He almost always does in summer. I looked out over the lake to the far horizon rim, and there was no streak of day. How did the robin know? His note is the last you will hear at night and the first you will hear in the morning. At night, I fancy, it is softer, a lullaby putting to sleep all the little baby life about him. He continues singing until all the sunset shadows deepen into darkness, this time o' year until nearly nine of the clock. And in the morning, filled to his feather tips with air, he pours it forth in an ecstasy of song, as if he, conceited fellow, of all the living creatures on earth were the herald of the new day. I am told that this is a function of which the lark holds a monopoly in England, but I cannot certify you. It is hearsay.

I was soon up and out, for when awake the bed becomes to me a prison from which to escape. The eastern sky was already a soft gray, and a very carnival of bird song was filling the air. The catbird in the choke-cherry bushes was singing his medley, breaking out now and then with something entirely new—I wonder where he heard it. The plaintive note of the Phoebe, such a modest bird, nesting under the piazza, I caught in the riot of joy over a new day and the roosters far and near were making the welkin ring. There was a spirit of expectancy abroad as if this were the very first day after creation.

The soft shade in the eastern sky—we call it gray, but it is not gray, it is a mystery of color, be it nameless—was prophetic. The baby leaves were wondering, for they had not unfolded to the warmth of the sun the day before. Nature's children were whispering together awed by premonitions of some approaching portent. But why should I try to tell this when Lanier has told it so much better?

A low multitudinous stirring,
Upwinds through the woods; the little ones softly conferring,
Have settled my lords to be looked for; so, they are still;
But the air and my heart and the earth are a-thrill.

The East is unveiled, the East hath confessed
A Flush; 'tis dead; 'tis alive; 'tis dead, ere the West
Were aware of it; nay, 'tis abiding, 'tis withdrawn;
Have a care, sweet Heaven! 'Tis dawn.

As I looked, streaks of colored light shot up the sky at acute angles like radiant spokes from a gleaming unseen hub of a great wheel, and I knew why old Homer called the deity of the morning the rosy-fingered goddess. All too soon the shafts of light were gone, and then appeared a small curved line of dazzling light. And then—here Lanier again:

Not slower than Majesty moves, for a mean and a measure
Of motion,—not faster than dateless Olympian leisure
Might pace with ample garments from pleasure to pleasure,
The wove-serrate sea-rim sinks unjarring, unreeling,
Forever revealing, revealing, revealing,
Edgewise, bladewise, half wise, wholewise,—'tis done!
Good morrow, lord Sun!

And all this, while, with soul in rapture, some thoughts from the ancient Sanskrit of the old Aryan race, were bubbling up from my sub-conscious memory. Here they are:

Look to this Day;
For it is life—the very life of life.
In its brief course lie all the verities and realities of your existence,
The bliss of Growth,
The glory of Action,
The splendor of Beauty.
For yesterday is already a dream and tomorrow is only a vision;
But today well-lived makes every yesterday a dream of happiness,
And every tomorrow a vision of hope.
Look well, therefore, to this day.

Such is the salutation of the dawn.

I have given you my text from the oldest Bible, turning Nature's leaves for it, and if you need one from our Bible, take this from Isaiah vi.:3: "And one cried unto another and said: Holy, holy, holy is Jehovah of hosts; the whole earth is full of his glory." Or this from Ezekiel xliii:2: "The glory of the God of Israel came from the way of the East and the earth shined with his glory." Or this from that matchless little poem of Habakkuk ii:14: "For the earth shall be filled with the knowledge of the glory of Jehovah as the waters cover the sea"

The first message of a Spring Dawn is:

Be not afraid. In blackest night, think of the morning. It will surely dawn. In the cold, silent, dead winter, think of the spring. It will surely come. Only a little while ago, these hills looked down upon us cold and gray and melancholy. The ground was all hard; the streams were frozen; the snow, white and chilly and deep, lay for weeks at a time upon the earth; the silent yet mighty frost was sucking the vital heat out of everything; the bleak wind was whistling through the key-hole, moaning in the chimney, roaring in the branches of the great trees, driving the ice granules with rattle against the window pane; with a myriad of inarticulate sounds lowering into a weird undertone of misery, a requiem over a dead world. Suppose for a moment that last winter had been your first experience of Nature's great change. The earth is quite overcome. The world is perishing. A little hungry bird with feathers all a-fluff to resist the cold, lights on your window-sill, poor beastie! It must soon give up its life to the inexorable frost. All life is stricken dumb. Silence! Universal death! The Bactrian myth is quite true, the sky serpent has strangled the sun. Ahriman, the spirit of destruction, has prevailed at last. But you have lived through the cycle of the year.

The beautiful butterflies of next summer's sun are somewhere under the snow. The millions on millions of the seeds of life are resting beneath the mold. All the buzzing insects of a mid-summer day are asleep in innumerable cradles in the crevices of the bark, in the chinks of the earth, and even rocked by the winter winds on the twigs of trees.

Nearly two weeks since, after a warm week that

induced much life to peep out of its nest, there came a cold blast from the North. The ends of the fruit-buds looked pink and white, there were eggs in most of the nests of the birds. The new shoots of perennials were up into the air one or two inches. Men wore their winter overcoats and women their furs that day. At nightfall the clouds that had been masses of white and gray vapor tumbling along before the wind disappeared; the wind itself retreated to its cave and the night became still, cold starlight, just such as the malicious frost loves in early May. Ice formed on the pools. The earth was frozen one-half an inch, and in the morning after an hour's sunshine every little living thing was limp and looked utterly discouraged.

And it is not difficult for the pessimist to make out a strong argument, even to exaggerate as we all do, carrying the thought uppermost at the time beyond the truth. "There is no kindness to man or bird or beast or plant; neither earth, sky, nor gods care for life innocent at the mother's breast."

Ah! the pessimist did not think far enough, else he never would have added that last phrase to his paragraph—"at the mother's breast"—for that phrase alone disproves the whole philosophy of a Schopenhauer, brightens all the black shadows Richard Jeffries throws into his otherwise delightful literature.

Is all life, then, at the mother's breast? Then nature cannot be supremely indifferent to her children. Caprice cannot be at the helm of the universe or unconcern at the heart of being. "At the mother's breast." I thank thee, Richard Jeffries, for the phrase! Let us see now for a moment how "Mother Nature sets the table for her chidren"—a phrase from "Mother Nature's Children," by Allen Walton Gould. We know that milk is the food for babes. It contains every essential for a growing life. All the food values are in it. So milk should be abundant. Milk is abundant unless nature's processes are interfered with. Every growing germ in field and forest is supplied with milk. The sap of the maple tree, feeding the buds and baby leaves, is milk, only it is not white. It is nutritious, wholesome, readily assimilated. A pail of it looks like water, but it can be boiled down to a sirup and then to a condition in which it will crystallize into sugar, a commercial food found now in our markets. There is a tree known in South America as the cow tree, because when you cut into it a stream of white juice runs out that looks like milk and tastes like it, and has in it about the same food values as cow's milk. It is used for food as our maple tree sap is. You all know the common milk-weed of the beautiful pendant flowers and seed-pod full of softest silk. It is so named because the juice, the plant food, is white, like milk.

Mother Nature has an elaborate process of condensing milk for her children which they can carry with them when they leave home and set up for themselves. Examine an ear of corn when the silk is still green, punch your thumb-nail into a kernel and see the milk ooze out; do it a week later and the life-sustaining juice is of the consistency of dough; still later in September, it is hard as flint and protected in a case or jar, glazed so as to be moisture-proof for just the correct number of days. The baby corn has its little jar of condensed milk hard by the moment it wakes up. This is true of wheat and barley and oats and, for all I know, of every seed. Furthermore, these little jars of condensed milk, millions more than Mother Nature needs for her own purposes of reproduction, fill our granaries, they are the cereals, the chief food of the human family. Here is thought. A kernel of wheat is a thought. It is incarnated *thoughtfulness*. Here is prevision of universal need. Aye, here is provision for universal need. You cannot think to the end of it. Thought, solicitude for baby life, prevision, provision. It is infinite mind, it is infinite heart. You may name it Mother Nature, or you may name it the cosmic economy, or you may name it God. I much prefer the name Jesus gave us, "Our Father," and he said, "Consider the lilies how they grow." Be not afraid, look up to them and say, "Our Father." The Message of the Dawn and the Message of the Master are the same. Be Not Afraid.

The second Message of the Dawn is this: MATTER, EVERY VISIBLE OBJECT, IS BUT THE OUTER FORM OR MANIFESTATION OF THE SPIRIT. There is no existence anywhere that has not its counterpart in Spirit. Somewhat eludes the botanist in his search, the geologist among the rocks, the entomologist among the moths and butterflies, the ornithologist among the birds. The one word "how" takes each beyond his depth into the great mystery. The dandelion, how does it grow out of the earth, climbing out of the mold and changing earth into gold in its bloom? A spirit takes hold, and lo! Lifeless matter, if indeed any matter be lifeless, mud and clay and mold are made to be radiant beauty in the flowers from which everything good and sweet seems to come "up to holy emotions and highest thoughts to the gates of the other world"; made to sing in the bird, made to think and to love in man; yes, made to *know* itself, thinking and loving, in man.

Everything is a precipitation, so to speak, from the unseen. The least flower, a feather moulted from a bird's wing, a pebble picked up on the beach, will carry the mind of man back to the unseen universe. Mind is essentially back of matter. Only through mind can we perceive or conceive matter. Linnaeus *discovered* the science of Botany. The science was there. Darwin *discovered* the science of Evolution. How? Pursuing the order in an ordered universe. Out of such revelations of nature we come upon the abiding realities. "Man is a spiritual being in a spiritual universe."

> "Each bud unfolding to the light
> God makes a resurrection flower,
> A fresh awakening from the night
> To covenant the morning hour.
>
> "We bow before the Power that suns
> A glorious beauty from the sod;
> Through all the universe it runs,
> This vital, wakening touch of God."

Friends, I would not, in trying to interpret for you the message of a Spring Dawn, "make a pretense that life is softer than it is." On that Thursday morning in Glenora, I did not forget that in many parts haggard want was awakened too, that pain was a-stir and testing patience and fortitude to the

uttermost, that crime and vice were slinking away into the shadows, loving darkness rather than light, that the factory hand was hastening to the monotonous toil between walls in the horrible city, that the reek of corrupt politics was polluting the civic air, or that ruthless trade, keen of head but void of heart, would soon be driving its bargains; but there was the sun up and light was chasing all shadows from the earth and the new dawn whispered into my heart, becoming disconsolate over the remembered pain and evil, a *message of hope.* It is a new day, a resurrection morn from all sorts of graves. And I saw trade changing his ways to "let the sweaty laborers file

"A little while,
A little while
Where art and nature sing and smile,"

and factories being ventilated and made hygienic, even frescoed with here and there window gardens going in, the Augean political stalls being cleaned by many a giant Hercules, vice and crime being cured by instruction and training, even being nipped in the bud by methods of prevention, pain "that to us mortals clings" greatly relieved by present means applied, and even want's haggard visage softened by gradually equalizing the distribution of Mother Nature's abundance.

A new morn is here, the ever-recurring opportunity to him who would improve himself, or who has an eager heart for the betterment of society. Let yesterday, a dream, now float away, be it a nightmare or a Paradise. Today the verities and realities of existence lie in plain sight. Here is

"The bliss of Growth,
The glory of Action,
The splendor of Beauty,"

and Mother Nature spreads an abundant table-food for the body, for the mind, for the spirit.

Looking that morning beyond the things that are *seen* into the things that are not seen, the radiance of the eternal Dawn suffused with light my sometimes darkened spirit and its warmth started into more vigorous growth the eternal hope.

IMMORTAL

Death cannot keep me buried; when the dry
  Earth holds me close, a rose-bush at my head,
I shall not be content for long to lie
  Inactive in that dark and narrow bed.

For soon the sweet and restless things of life
  Shall stir me, pierce me, make me once again
Part of the vigor and the freshening strife
  Raised by the sunlight and the healthy rain.

And when at length the pregnant seasons pass,
  Endowed with warm and splendid liberty,
I shall go forth in rich and sturdy grass;
  Shall scent the clover, call the thirsting bee.

And I shall be the urge that bursts the pad,
  Impels the singing sap within the tree,
That sets the leaves atremble as with God—
  The rose shall bloom more proudly—bearing me.

All things shall feel and drink me unawares;
  The bee that sucks, the tender green that thrives,
The ant, the forest—all that builds and dares—
  And I shall live not one but countless lives.

—*Louis Untermeyer.*

A Golden-Rule Jailer

Ray T. Baker, warden of the Nevada penitentiary, doesn't regard the Golden Rule as a "gentleman's agreement." He extends it to cover the relations between a jailer and the toughest criminal behind the bars, and he flouts the old-fashioned theory that iron-clad discipline is indispensable in the treatment of even the most hardened offenders. His own theory is that the only way to make a bad man trustworthy is to prove to him that he has your confidence. He believes in abolishing all the old dehumanizing rules which have been applied to convicts for centuries, and is working wonders in the application of his theories, so Samuel M. Evans tells us in *The Sunset Magazine.* Mr. Evans' account of the treatment of a single hardened convict will illustrate:

In a corner of the prison yard, a convict sat on a block of stone, gazing steadily at the wall above. Directly back of him and above him the wall was guarded by a wire fence that surmounted it, each wire carrying thousands of volts of deadly electricity. On either side of him and in front, on a little path on the top of the wall, the guards paced steadily. Each guard carried a rifle slung loosely across his arm, ready for instant action; and his gaze never for a minute left the prison enclosure. The convict reflected that there was little opportunity for him to jump off the roof of the prison now, as he had done two years before, when he made his mad, futile, five-mile dash across the sage-brush for liberty. He had told them when he was brought to the prison that he would escape if he ever got a chance. And after that attempt they believed it. He was never left unguarded.

The warden came out of the prison and walked across the yard. He sat down on the stone beside the convict.

"Bill," said Warden Baker, "I'm going to send you to the road camp."

The convict looked at the armed guards, and then at the warden.

"You wouldn't trust me, would you, Warden?" replied he in surprise.

"Yes, Bill," returned Warden Baker, "you are the very sort of man I would trust. You said that you would escape whenever you got a chance, and you meant it. If you tell me that you will not try to get away from the road camp, I know that you won't."

"I'll not try to get away, Warden," replied the convict. That was about all that he could say. There was a lump in his throat. It had been a long time since any one had said to him that he would trust him.

The next day he was sent to the road camp.

The temptation to run away was almost irresistible, but the prisoner remembered what the warden had said to him. It would not do for him to betray the trust, so he stayed.

Bill was what the prisoners call a "hard-boil," and on February 1, 1911, when Baker became warden, he and thirteen others were confined in the "bull-pen," that part of the prison set apart for desperate convicts. The first thing that the new warden did when he assumed charge of the

penitentiary was to go straight to the "bull-pen," says Mr. Evans, and make this speech to the fourteen supposed incorrigibles:

"Boys, they tell me that you are 'hard-boils.' Now, I don't know what your past records are, and what's more I don't care. They don't count with me. There's going to be a new deal in this prison from this time on. See? I'm going to treat every prisoner here square, and I expect him to treat me square. I don't want the long end and I won't give you the short end. And I won't take the short end, either, so don't try to slip it to me. It's a square deal on both sides. You'll get an even break, and that's all I want you to give me. Now get out of this bull-pen and into the yard. Every man here is going to be treated as though he wants to do the square thing until he shows me that he does not. If any of you have any kick coming, come to me and we'll see what can be done about it."

The "hard-boils" looked at one another and shuffled out into the prison yard. Today the bull-pen is empty. The dungeon is empty, too. Those fourteen prisoners, or most of them, are at work on a public road twenty miles from the prison or at the prison farm, seven miles away—absolutely unguarded and with ample opportunity to escape if they want to. Others are "trusties" at work inside the prison, but not under lock and key, and not guarded. None of them is wearing stripes. None of them has attempted to escape from the prison.

How was it done? What does it mean?

It means that when Warden Baker said that he would give every man a chance to be square, he meant just that. He meant that he would give every prisoner a chance to be a man; not a guarded, hunted, hated, despised beast reflecting in his own heart the hatred of his keepers. Baker did it by the application of what he calls "the square deal," which is nothing more or less than another way of putting the Golden Rule. He did it by appealing to every good instinct in his prisoners through love and kindness and understanding; instead of appealing to every bad instinct in them through hatred. And it's surprising what capacity there is in the hearts of men for responding to the application of a little love; in the hearts of these imprisoned men, too, some of them serving life sentences for murder! It's surprising in one way; and in another way, it isn't. We have recognized all along that the ordinary method of treating men convicted of crimes in this country serves but to crush out of them all the latent good there may be in them, and to turn them loose on society when their prison terms have expired, filled with hatred for society and a desire for revenge, and usually a pretty good education in the ways of attaining that revenge—an education gained inside our prison walls, too. And so the really surprising thing is that we haven't tried the other method long ago, merely as an experiment that might prove a big saving to society, if for no other reason!

That's what Baker thought. And when he took charge of the prison with full power to run it the way he pleased, and with the backing of Gov. T. L. Odie, he tried the other way. And it is working!

Warden Baker abolished the degrading lock-step, the ball and chain, and the spy system among the convicts. He ventilated the cells, replaced smoking kerosene lamps with electric lights, cleaned up the kitchens and dining-rooms, substituted good, wholesome food for the cheap inferior fare of former days, gave the prisoners plenty of good books and magazines to read, allowed a half-holiday on Saturdays and all of Sunday for rest, and bought a large farm on which the men work unguarded. He instituted many other reforms, says Mr. Evans, but these are the most important.

Warden Baker believes that all men are brothers under their skins—or clothes. To him, the man in the prison garb is entitled to perfectly fair treatment, and needs all the kindness that can be given him. He thinks that the man who is down ought to have his spirits braced up instead of broken by those who have him in custody during his incarceration.

Last Thanksgiving Day the prisoners were treated to turkey and mince pie. It was the first time the men had seen such food since their conviction. Warden Baker helped to make it an important occasion. Mr. Evans says:

Warden Baker was down in the dining-room going from one table to another talking to his men.

That is a habit of his—getting acquainted with his men. His quarters are upstairs in the prison, but he spends most of his time downstairs with the prisoners, or at the farm or road camp. And he plays no favorites. There are no "stool-pigeons" there now. That has been discouraged. But the men often "snitch" on themselves when Baker sits down for a talk with them. A son of the Nevada desert himself, Baker has seen men under all sorts of conditions. He is thirty-three years old, one of the youngest men in the prison. He was educated in the University of Nevada and at Stanford University in California, and for several years studied law in Oakland. In 1903 he left civilization at the call of the desert and went into Death Valley. He was the first man in the Ubehebe country, and has several times divided his last drop of water with Scotty, his dog. He has been around the world three times. In San Francisco, New York, and Paris he is known as a society man. On the desert he is known as the most fearless man that ever entered the Funeral Range, which guards Death Valley. At the prison he is known as "the square warden." He is the first man who ever gave the men a chance to be men. He had never had any experience with prisoners before, except in his political career in Oakland. It was there he learned the vernacular of the yeggmen and the submerged tenth. When he said that he wouldn't take the short end, he meant it. Discipline is as strict at the Carson City prison as it has ever been. Men are punished for infractions of the rules. But there is no attempt to "break their spirit." That is what Baker wants them to keep. And after each punishment a prisoner does not feel that he might as well be as mean as he can because he has lost his chance anyhow. When a man has been punished for an infraction of a rule, the incident is closed. That is all there is to it. And he has another chance to make good.—*The Literary Digest.*

Functional Ethics and the Forty-seventh Assembly of Illinois

[The use of the term "functional" will be obvious as we proceed. It means in legislation,—take the next step needed, as may the British Parliament, unchecked, save for guidance, by so-called fixed, "eternal" precedents such as slavery according to Plato; or a high tariff, however useful in Lincoln's time. Laws may come and laws may go, but men go on forever.

While no one has written under the specific title, "Functional Ethics," the new psychology really supports it; and we may indicate the nature of its application to law-making by the following from Dewey & Tufts: "It is no abstract theory which leads the community to react; it is self-preservation. The problems of legislation in the Roman Empire were forced by the actual circumstances. One of the most fundamental of legal duties is that of making the legal order a more adequate expression of the common good. "This is what I term the functionally ethical view of legislation. Instead of being functionally a priori, intuitional, or academic in their origin, statutory laws were rather reactions to felt needs. Powerful classes always tend to embalm laws once rational because then functional, in fixedly oppressive forms. Hence, tho' just to all, the truly functional legislator will say, to quote Mr. Roosevelt: "My chief concern is for the little man." So Paulsen: "Laws are of permanent value, not as representing some individual's philosophy, (or interest), but in proportion as the customs and codes of a people are transformed to satisfy new needs accordin to changed conditions." That is to say, sound legislation implies a functionally ethical basis.]

One of the most important achievements of the Forty-seventh Illinois Assembly (1911) was the passage of the Compensation Act,— other civilizations than ours having already abandoned the old employers' liability law as worse than useless. The masses of us laymen would certainly agree with the wisdom of other nations in this change. On the other hand, a recent decision of the highest court in New York, the Court of Appeals, held that a workmen's compensation act is unconstitutional. Prof. Seager of Columbia remarks that no country is more in need of a wise compensation act than the United States.

The supreme courts of Kansas and Wisconsin are against the New York Court of Appeals and with our Forty-seventh legislature in this matter. This would seem to indicate that Kansas, Wisconsin, and Illinois are exercising less the absolutist temper tied to the past for its own sake, and more the functional method, which means consulting present and future economic necessities; for, as the economic teacher above quoted informs us: "Today courts of last appeal will cite modern economists rather than legal precedents in justification for their decisions."

The ethically functional view as opposed to the divine right of kings or other intuitively "rational" ideas of closet philosophers as the fixed and ultimate fountains of law, is well expressed in the Wisconsin criticism of New York's declaration of the unconstitutionality of the compensation act: "When an eighteenth century constitution forms the charter of liberty for a twentieth century government, must its general provisions be construed and interpreted by an eighteenth century mind surrounded by eighteenth century ideals?" Says Kansas: "An advancing civilization has its own intrinsic and self-vindicating laws."

Mr. Justice Holmes, speaking of what I call the ethically functional principle instead of control of legislation to an unreasonable degree by the dead hand, remarks that social utility is the real, though unavowed, basis for judicial decisions. Prof. Munroe Smith adds that the Supreme Court has construed the United States Constitution in the evolutive (by which he means functional) sense.

Many laws passed by our Forty-seventh Assembly, would, on the basis of speculative theory, such as, "no state interference with liberty," or other rationalistic shibboleths, in other days have been impossible of enactment—e. g.,—at least three statutes regulating the liquor traffic; the establishment of a surgical institute or a new hospital; provision to reduce the danger in coal mines; the mother's pension law; and the sanitary inspection of food establishments. This last named act is of special importance from the fact that Illinois is the leading state in the manufacture and sale of food products, and is the chief distributive point in the world. According to the action of this same legislature, the appropriation for the support of our public schools was doubled and now amounts to $200,000,000, annually. Only a century ago, 1808, a bill in parliament for the education of workingmen's children was opposed on the ground that, if educated, they could not be controlled.

The functionally ethical or public utility view, in the light of past experience and present circumstances asks simply—"what are the actual needs?" "It is a condition, not a theory, that confronts us."

The woman suffrage bill was defeated, though it asked only for a limited suffrage, and to vote for officers having to do with the expenditure of public funds to which the women contribute. One anti-woman suffragist, however, interested himself in the other sex to the extent of opposing a law to prevent our ladies wearing hobble skirts. No doubt many oppose this measure because of mere a priori notions. Dr. Lyman Abbott once printed a list of evils that would probably happen if women should vote at municipal elections. My reply in "Lend A Hand," copied by the "National Woman's Journal," showed that not one of these evils actually occurred in Topeka, where I then resided and where women voted. Of course Dr. Abbott's predictions might come true in New York City.

The bill against the white slave traffic was defeated, Speaker Adkins referring it to Mr. Jack Flannigan, chairman of the license committee, and it was not reported out of the committee, surely not because of pecuniary interest of any legislators in the traffic, but largely because of hunkerism, or a sort of repugnance in general to reform. The corrupt practice act was defeated in spite of the overwhelming demand for it by a vote of the people. Had a majority of the legislature forgotten Mr. LaFollette's, Mr. Bryan's, Mr. Roosevelt's and Thomas Jefferson's "Let the people rule?" The achievements of our last legislature were accomplished by a group of men nearly half of whom had never had any legislative experience,—the "masses" there favoring the suffrage bill, defeated in the Senate, also the anti-vice bill and corrupt practice act.

It is the functionally ethical view that moral judgments of utility are safely evolved from the deliberate, sober sense of the common people, whom

Lincoln said God must love,—some of whose "guardians," in the feudal days (and even in the United States Senate), have apparently needed guarding themselves.

So much for reflections respecting our Forty-seventh Assembly. Let the people make known their wants effectively to their legislators.

> "The time demands
> Strong minds as well as hands"

to legislate, not for 1789, but as Dr. Hale said, for "nineteen hundred and NOW!"

In the words of Lowell:

> "New times demand new measures and new men:
> The world advances and in time outgrows
> The laws that in our fathers' days were best."

Chicago, Ill. CLARENCE GREELEY, PH. D.

THE STUDY TABLE

Book Notes

William E. Walling sends us through the Macmillan Company his "Socialism As It Is." This is not another book to quarrel over what Socialism means, or try to bring a world-wide revolution, that springs right out of the needs and hearts of the people, into a lexicographical shirt. We have a whole pile of books, running over the last ten years, trying to define Socialism; meanwhile something very radical has been taking place, both in social, political and religious spheres. We do not care very much just now about Marx and La Salle, what we want to know is the meaning of this great heart-throb of the common people—a growing determination to put an end to class legislation; what is better, to furnish heart warmth to all people, apart from national and race lines. Mr. Walling gives us a book that we have got to study. Pretty soon we are going to do a whole lot of things, collectively, that have never been so done before. Whatever Socialism we now have in our pact is working fairly well. We can make fools of ourselves by overdoing this matter, or we can follow the demands of age-drift move steadily and fearlessly, and come out at the end of each decade fairly able to congratulate ourselves. I wish you would get this book and read it.

I have been reading "White Ashes," published by Macmillan Company, and written by Kennedy and Noble. I am still reading it, and while I do not find it one of the very greatest of our novels, it was well worth the while to write it, and it is worth the while to read it.

From the Columbia University Press I get "The Doctrine of Evolution," by Prof. Henry Edward Crampton. This volume consists of eight lectures delivered at Cooper Union in 1907. Recently there have appeared quite a handful of books on evolution. Many of these have been substantially combative of some feature of the general subject. Prof. Crampton aims to show the basis of Evolution in natural history. He takes up the various aspects of human evolution most usefully; physical evolution in the first place, followed by an analysis of mental evolution. My own "Our Heredity from God," which occupied the ten best years of my life is not so old to me, or the subject lacking in new phases that a book of this sort does not deeply interest me. It is admirably worked out from first to last. On page 209 I consider the author's logic faulty when discussing the evolution of animals, but I refer to it only to say that this whole chapter on Mental Evolution of Man is a capital piece of work.

I have from Henry Holt & Co. a book entitled "The Evolution of Animal Intelligence," by Prof. S. J. Holmes, Assistant Professor of Zoology in the University of Wisconsin. This book is needed, not simply to criticize preceding work by Romanes, Spencer, etc., but because the investigations of recent years have added largely to our knowledge of animals. Mr. Holmes makes the present work bear upon the evolution of animal intelligence only. He undertakes to give us a fairly clear conception of the activities upon which intelligence is based, and to show how it is related to these activities. It is not intended for a complete work, but for a helpful treatise on this important subject. I think it will be of decided value to those who have entered the list to tilt with Mr. Long and other observers. If Theodore Roosevelt has the patience to carefully study it, it may check his enthusiasm in some directions, and stimulate study in other directions. I am surprised that the writer of this volume falls into the pseudo-scientific habit of speaking of those who "dabble" with the subject. As far as I have been able to study animals, animal life and animal intelligence, I have come to the conclusion that most of our information on the subject must be picked up in hovels and by the wayside, and we must rely upon all sorts of fellows to inform us concerning dogs and cats and horses and cows. I am not yet convinced either that John Burroughs is right in his cold-blooded decision that animals totally lack reason. These boys and men and old maids who have pets are just as keen in their observations, even if they cannot put it into the best of English. My dog has just come to me without a call, put up his foot with all the gentle friendliness of a human being, looked me gently and even tenderly in the eye, and for a few moments we have conversed without speech. Of course I cannot enter into a discussion with the author, although every page is an invitation to debate. The chapter on instincts especially provokes me to a review. I like the book very much. I do not believe, however, that we have yet touched more than the rim of the topic. How does the author know that "a cat pays not the least attention to a multitude of things going on around her," until the sight of a canary or the noise made by a gnawing mouse puts her on the *qui-vive*? I am quite sure that some cats are much more observant than he thinks. I know a cat, or did know him, who learned, without teaching, to ring the door-bell, by pulling a wire in the cellar,—one out of several wires,—knowing that by making that bell ring he would be let out of the cellar. I can assure the author of this book that there were very few things that went on outside the very quiet observation of this animal; but he did not talk about it. Alas, there is that lack of articulation. Again and again Nature runs aground with her evolution of intelligence, or drops short off into instinct, for want of articulative speech. E. P. POWELL.

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THE FIELD

"The World is my Country, to do good is my Religion."

THE UNITY HYMNS AND CHORALS

During the recent visit to Boston of the President of the Unity Publishing Company, arrangement was made by which copies of the new edition of Unity Hymns and Chorals are to be kept for examination at the American Unitarian Association Room, 25 Beacon Street, and at the C. E. Lauriat & Co. Book Store at 329 Washington Street. Committees considering the adoption of the books will be permitted to take a copy home for examination, returning the same at their convenience. Steps are also being taken towards the issuing of a new edition. Churches intending to adopt the same are requested to correspond at their earliest convenience concerning their plans. Address Unity Publishing Company, Abraham Lincoln Centre, Chicago.

THE SEVENTEENTH ATLANTA CONFERENCE

The Seventeenth Atlanta Conference for the study of negro problems, was held at Atlanta University May 27. This conference, founded in 1896, follows the plan of a social study of the negro American, by means of an annual series of decennially recurring subjects, the studies being made by the Department of Sociology in Atlanta University. The studies for the past five years have been made under the patronage of the trustees of the John F. Slater fund.

The subject of last year's study was, "The Common School and the Negro American," and the report of one hundred and forty pages which has just come from the Atlanta University press, is ready for sale and distribution. The subject of the study this year is "The Negro Artisan," and the investigation has been made under the direction of Dr. W. E. B. DuBois, the director of the conference.

Today's program included four sessions: At the morning session, Mr. A. G. Dill, of the University, explained the methods of investigation, and Mr. Chester A. Coles spoke on "The Training of Artisans." The second session consisted of separate talks to men and women on "Health and Efficiency," the speakers being Dr. Stephen A. Peters and Dr. Shelby Boynton. The afternoon session was in charge of the Gate City Free Kindergarten Association, an organization of negro women supporting five free kindergartens in out-of-the-way places in Atlanta.

At the evening session, the chief speakers were Mrs. Florence Kelley, of the National Consumers' League, and Mr. Alexander Hamilton, the prominent contractor and builder of Atlanta.

President Ware, of Atlanta University, presided at the sessions of the conference.

NEW YORK LEADS THE WAY IN CARING FOR YOUNG BABIES.

In an article in the June *Woman's Home Companion*, the author reports how New York City has reduced the death rate of children, and asks what your town is doing. Each year, more than 300,000 babies less than one year of age die in the United States, more than half of them from preventable causes. New York City has corrected the evil by the establishment of free schools for mothers, by compelling the health department to keep complete records, and in various other ways.

Following is an extract from the article:

"The whole problem is much simpler than it looks. It isn't a question of intricate and difficult treatment; it isn't a question of great expense; it isn't a question of overwhelming work; it is primarily a question of education. The knowledge necessary to keep the majority of the three hundred thousand children alive is yours almost for the asking. A school for mothers is no harder to establish than a kindergarten for children; and a pure milk depot, with its mothers' conference, can be grown like a mushroom in a night, if you demand it. You already have your health officer, whose duty it is to furnish you with the statistical basis for your work, and when you are in a position to show your community how many children among you die of preventable deaths, the classroom and the teacher will undoubtedly be forthcoming."

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